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O F
POLITENESS.
A N
EPISTLE

TO THE

Right HONOURABLE

William Stanhope, Lord HARRINGTON.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By the Rev. Mr. MILLER Author of HARLEQUIN HORACE, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for L. GILLIVER and J. CLARK, at *Homer's Head* in *Fleetstreet*,
and at their Shop in *Westminster-Hall*, 1738.

[Price 1 s.]

5-25 4

13484.32.7.17.1



*Gift of the Division
of
Modern Languages*



O F
P O L I T E N E S S,
A N
E P I S T L E.

OLITENESS is my Theme--To You I write,
Who *are*, what *all* would feign bethought, *Polite*.
This is the Coxcomb's Av'rice, Courtier's Claim,
The Citt's Ambition, and the Soldier's Fame.
This interrupt's the wild Projector's Dream,
And mingle's with the Statesman's deepest Scheme.

Yet but to few, O few! the Gem is known,
Most for the *Brilliant* wear the *Bristol-Stone*.
With whom the Heav'nly Stranger deigns to dwell
The Wise and Good, like You, can only tell.

Ask

Ask you, *what's true Politeness*, you'd reply,
 'Tis nothing but *well-dress'd Humanity*: 10
 That fairest Offspring of the social Mind,
 Nurs'd by good Nature, by good Sense refin'd:
 Which gives each Thought, Word, Act, a proper Grace,
 And binds each Passion to it's proper Place:
 Makes Pride fit easy, reins Ambition in,
 Makes Av'rice Prudence, Anger not a Sin:
 Charm'd by her Lure blind Zeal to Meekness turns,
 Pale Envy gen'rous Emulation burns;
 Revenge, attentive, sheaths the thirsty Sword,
 And Grief half smiles at Her reviving Word: 20
 Whilst Hope and Fear, those Elements of Life,
 Well pois'd by this, no longer are at Strife;
 This forms, guides, checks, inspires, does all it can
 To make Man mild and sociable to Man.

'Tis true, my Lord, yet, such the reigning Taste!
 In what's the quite Reverse you find it plac'd.

Sir *Dives* swears in Gaiety it lies,
 Then struts the gaudiest *Clown* beneath the Skies:
 All Nature's Wardrobe must be rif'd straight,
 All Nations sweat to furnish out his State; 30
 Artists the various Hues of *Iris* blend,
 And *Eastern* Rocks their blazing Glories lend:

Yet,

Yet, whilst his sumptuous Trappings hang confess'd,
 All cry, *how slovenly the Knight is dress'd!*
 Were this Politeness, *Porco's* beastly Self
 Could purchase more,—for he enjoys more Pelf.

Lo! pamper'd *Catius* lolling at his Ease,
 Gorging his Maw with Mystick Rarities!
 He holds Politeness is but *eating well*,
 Then swallows down whole *Manors* at a Meal. 40
 So strange each Viand, and so strangely dress'd,
 If Fish, Flesh, Fowl, roast, boil'd can ne'er be guess'd:
 Here hid in Peacocks Brains a Squirrel lies,
 With Gravy drawn from twice twelve Woodcocks Thighs;
 A larded Badger there smokes high Perfume,
 And the green Rabbits stink along the Room.
 Supreme in Taste his Table's still replete
 With all that's *rare*, and is not to be eat.
 Did not the Side-board bear a sound Sir-loin,
 Who with Lord *Catius* could *afford* to dine! 50

In Learning *Curio* places all good Breeding,
 And rails at *Dives* dress'd, and *Catius* feeding.
 He fasts and mortifies, and racks his Skull,
 But to appear more *classically* dull:

For over-reading makes the *Dunce* more seen,
 As over-eating makes the Glutton lean.
 In his cramb'd Crown you reconcil'd may view
 The *Babel* of each Tongue and Science too:
 Like *Bacon's* Head, his Mouth he ne'er can ope'
 But strait out flies a Sentence, or a Trope: 60
 The very Fair he sagely entertains
 With the learn'd *Oozings* of his *addl'd* Brains;
 Courts 'em, like *Shakespear's Moor*, with wond'rous Tales
 Of *Antars* vast, wild Defarts, gloomy Vales:
 Wond'rous deep Schemes, like *Whiston*, can impart,
 And bring to Light the Myst'ries of each Art:
 Reveal the Longitude, the Circle square,
 And make (as well as **Pemberton*) the Fair
 Know all Sir *Isaac Newton* to a Hair.

Pedantick Sot! cries *Umbra*---in a Book, 70
 Heav'n, thank it, never gave me Grace to look:
 I've travell'd, been in *France*, at *Rome*, and then
 What need I study Books, who've study'd Men?
 Besides, I've Titles, Places, Wealth and Land,
 I wear a Ribband, and expect a Wand.
 Let thread-bare Blockheads study if they please,
 What need of Learning when a Man's at Ease.

I take

* *Vide*, A View of Sir *Isaac Newton's* Philosophy.

I take a surer Way to be polite,
 I dress, game, wench and dance—not read or write.
 Equal your Merit, vain alike your Aim, 80
 Learn'd or unlearn'd, a Coxcomb's still the same.

Sir *John* comes next with Bow and Fiddle grac'd,
Fiddling he thinks the very Cream of Taste;
 Then fiddles on with such incessant Care,
 You'd think his Soul breath'd only at his Ear.
 Yet all the while (Sir *John* must own 'tis true)
 He's doing what he least would wish to do.
 Not less *Spadilla Shakespear* understands,
 Yet runs each Night, and stares, and claps her Hands.
 Not *Tattle* less delights to hold his Tongue, 90
 Yet sits four Hours to hear an Op'ra sung;
 Not less Uneasiness does *Embrio* feel
 In Whalebone Stays---yet bids the next be Steel.
 For 'tis not what they like, or what they know,
 But as the *Fashion* drives the Fop must go.

Still braver Lengths, cries *Clodio*, I have ran
 To gain the Prize,---deny it me who can,
 I've ravish'd Virgins, and have kill'd my Man;
 And nicely vers'd in all the *Arts* of Play,
 A thousand bubbld Fools have fall'n my Prey. 100

The Fruits which Murder, Dice, and Rapes afford
Must sure be own'd *Politeness* in my Lord.

To be Polite *Lothario's* still profane,
And treats whate'er is Sacred with Disdain:
The best-bred Man to ev'ry mortal He,
And only to his *God* unmannerly.
Self-cozen'd Wretch, let but the Thunder roll,
He owns a God, and trembles for his Soul;
In vain now strives to act the *Atheist's* Part,
His Forehead blabs the Terrors of his Heart. 110
Lothario, quit thy Claim---'Spight o' thy Will,
Thou art an unpolite *Believer* still.

But see! the *Fair* in Throngs pour in their Claims,
All forward press, and hold me out their Names;
Each noisy, empty, apish, idle Thing;
Each glitt'ring Insect that can skip or sing:
Th' important Bus'ness of whose Lives is—*Show*,
Whose boasted Knowledge that they—*nothing know*;
Who all that's Virtuous *piously* neglect,
All that's affected modishly affect, 120 }
And build their Hopes of Fame upon—*Defect*.

Calista

Calista, giggling with her Head awry,
 And *Flavia*, ogling thro' her Chrystal Eye;
Cloris, who by the Crutch's Help just walks;
 And *Mincia*, sweetly lisping as she talks;
Portia, whose blasting Tongue is form'd to slay
 A thousand Reputations in a Day;
 And gentle Lady *Sukey*, whose good *Word*
 Still libels all she knows, except — her *Lord*.
Lucinda, waddling in majestick State, 140
 Sweating beneath her Winter Garment's Weight,
 With a capacious *Sack*, and Hoop extended,
 From all Approach full four Ells round defended;
 And *Daphne* trick'd out in her Maid's worst Gown,
 Who joys *incog'* to trip it thro' the Town.
Thamar, who never is *herself*, but wears
 Still borrow'd Faces, Speeches, Looks and Airs;
 Who's less prepost'rous thro' her own Defects
 Than thro' those Charms she awkwardly affects.
 And *She* whose Pimples with a purple Grace 150
 Shine flagrant on the Index of her Face;
 Who names what Nature hides, swears Blood and Thun-
 And bravely keeps her keeping Gen'ral under: [der,
 All challenge me at once, all scream aloud,
 A gawdy, babbling, witless, worthless Crowd.

Quarter! O Quarter, Ladies! —blefs me! who
 Has Pen so steel'd to give you all your Due.
 As well your Pens, ye Chiefs of *Warwick-lane*!
 Might strive to raise the Millions they have slain;
 Or mine, a Task as arduous, pretend, 160
 * *, thou worthiest Man, thou truest Friend!
 All thy *polite* Perfections to rehearse
 In the strait Limits of a single Verse;
 Thy ev'ry social Virtue number o'er,
 The well-known *many*, and the secret *more*;
 Or, could it reach the Summit of thy Fame, 170
 As well dare hint one Letter of thy Name.
 Besides, whilst thus they importune together,
 To be polite myself, I'll fix on neither;
 * Like *Prettyman*, the Preference give to none,
 But march with one Boot off, and t'other on.

Right, says *Pulvilio*, paint not *single Parts*,
 Give one great *Whole* of all the well-bred Arts;
 From me a *finish'd Piece* your Muse may draw,
 In Fashion's Realm my Fancy is the Law.

* Come on, my Lord,—your Father was a Peer, 180
 Fam'd for at least — Ten thousand Pounds a Year;
 Who

* Vide *The Rehearsal*.

Who trac'd his boasted Ancestry from *Brute*,
 A Fool a thousand off — Of royal Root;
 Whilst for your Lordship all may safely swear
 You breathe his lawful own-begotten Heir;
 For from the Moment that your Course begun,
 When raptur'd *Douglass* cry'd — A Son, a Son!
 You've giv'n perpetual Proofs, that you inherit
 A modern *Noble's* Virtue, Wit and Spirit.
 True Child of Fortune, and true Foe to Fame, 190
 You lisp'd in Nonsense, for the Nonsense came:
 Your Mammy's Darling — (for an elder Brother
 Is always courted by a crafty Mother.)
 You ne'er were suffer'd to molest your Head,
 Or hurt your Eyes to be a Pedant bred:
 To *Eaton* sent, o'er ev'ry Form you leapt,
 No studious Eves, no toilsome Mattins kept;
 Thence *Christ's Quadrangle* took you for its own, 200
 Had *Alma Mater* e'er so true a Son!
Half seven Years spent in Billiards, Cards, and Tippling,
 And growing ev'ry Day a lovelier Stripling;
 With *half* a College Education got,
 Half Clown, half Prig, half Pedant, and half Sot,

Having

Having done all that ought to be undone,
Finish'd those *Studies* which were ne'er begun;
 To foreign *Climes* my Lord must take his Flight,
 Only to be more foreign still to Right;
 Like Trav'lers, who when once they've miss'd their Way,
 The more they walk the more they go astray. [210

When lo! a letter'd Booby from the Schools
 Big-swoln with *Ale* and *Aristotle's Rules*,
 Just as much skill'd in Manners and in Men
 As *Ward* in Phylick, *Codrus* in the Pen,
 Who all dead *Languages* had made his own,
 But never utter'd *common Sense* in one;
 This, This Man's chose to shew my Lord the World,
 Breathe bland ye *Zephirs*, be ye Sails unfurl'd!
Parisian Gates the noble Youth receive, 220
 Some new Brocade *Parisian* Artists weave;
 The new Brocade, Toupee, and Solitaire
 Once gain'd — What farther Bus'ness had you there?
 Next *Roman Causeways* with your Coursers rung,
 Who would not see what God-like *Maro* sung?
 O'er *Roman Tombs* and *Monuments* you nod,
 High-pleas'd to hear on *Classick Ground* you trod;

For

For you and your Compeers have still thought meet
To trample all that's *classick* under Feet.

'Twas then your Lordship's mighty Taste was prov'd,
When mid'st surrounding Prodigies unmov'd [230
You view'd their Glories thoughtless and serene,
And felt no Rapture at th' inspiring Scene.

But now the Youth, his wondrous Labours o'er,
Burns to revisit his paternal Shore.

Stay, crys the Tutor, something must be bought
Before we *Latium* quit — no matter what,
But *something* must, to shew our Taste at home,
And prove we have not been in vain at *Rome*.

'Tis done — Once more by *Goths* poor *Rome* is spoil'd,
High! Mountain high! the pretious Plunder's pil'd. [240
Coins so antique, so very rusty grown,
That neither Stamp, nor Metal could be known;
Such curious Manuscripts as ne'er were seen,
You could not guess what Language they were in;
Bustoes that each a Nose or Chin had lost,
And *Paintings* of much Worth, for — much they cost.

Thus glutt'd with the Rubbish of each Land,
Swift sails the *Chief* to gain *Britania's* Strand;
So Woodcocks here for Worms and Grubs repair,
Then fly full home, and sleep in native Air; [250

D

Whilst

Whilst Fortune, never to her Bantlings blind,
Smooths ev'ry Surge, and breathes in ev'ry Wind;

Now hark! loud Cimbals hail his safe Approach,
His future Tradesmen guard in Crowds his Coach;
O had they known the dunning Hours to come!

What sober Tradesmen would have stirr'd from home?

But hold! what House, what Palace can they find
To lodge a Host so travel'd, so refin'd?

His Father's Mansion he as much abhors, 260

As Courtiers Merit, or a Beau the Wars;

No Stucco, no Festoons, no polish'd Floor,

No lofty Cieling, nor no Pigmy Door;

A Front with no *Venetian* Window grac'd,

A Wall with not a Scrap of Rustick lac'd.

What must be done?—What! why my Lord must build,

And prove, in ev'ry Art *alike* he's skill'd.

The Pile is rear'd, full furnish'd ev'ry Floor

With costly Lumber, and a costly Whore.

Now fix'd your Fame, and manifest your Taste, 270

You roll in Riot, Luxury and Waste;

Tyrant at home, but Sycophant abroad,

A Slave at Court, but Rebel to your God;

A Rook to Tradesmen whom you never pay,

A Dupe to Sharpers when you ever play;

A Friend to none but who deserve no Friends,
 A Foe to all whom Merit recommends;
 Whilst ev'ry well-slept Day each ill-spent Night
 Proclaim you *Prince* of all who're call'd polite.

At length, the Measure of your Folly full, 280
 Your Purse appear'd as empty as your Scull.
 When now a Wife was necessary found,
 My Lord must wed full *Forty thousand Pound*.
 A Wealth-gorg'd *Citt*, who long'd to mend his Blood,
 And trace his Grandson's Lineage from the Flood,
 His only Daughter yields a Sacrifice
 To empty Titles, and a Herald's Lies.

My-Lady dubb'd, she needs polite must turn,
 Her Needle quit, her ill-bred Bible burn;
Old Friends with her *old Cloaths* cast quite aside, 290
 The awkward City Mien and Dress deride,
 And loath the nauseous Smell of sad *Cheapside*.
 Inspir'd by dear *St. James's* magick Air
 Eager she drinks in all the Follies there;
 At each Assembly she's the first to play,
 At ev'ry Masque the last to go away;
 All Ear at Opera, and at Church all Tongue,
 How came she here?—How! Why an Anthem's sung.

To

To *Cock* at ev'ry Auction lends her Face,
 What wants she there?—What! To out-bid *Her Grace*;
 Who'll vie with her in China, Pearls, or Plate? 300
 Who like her bask in Luxury and State?
 Slave clasping Slave hang backward when she drives,
 Like clustring Drones in Summer from their Hives;
 Slave crowding Slave press forward when she dines,
 With unknown Dishes, and unheard of Wines:
 So nobly nice, she's waited on by none
 But those whose Births were higher than her own;
 Each Chair's supported by a smart *Toupee*,
 But O hard Fate! She cannot claim the *Knee*. 310
 In each Refinement anxious to excel
 And crown the Business of a perfect Belle,
 In Gallantry at last the Fair embarks,
 And as you keep your Punks, she keeps her Sparks.
 Hail noble Pair! your Glory's now compleat,
 And Millions learn Politeness at your Feet;
 Peers, Pimps, and Parasites your Trophies raise,
 And dedicating Bards resound your Praise.
 Heavens! is it possible such Crimes should wear
 Virtue's bright Veil, or Honour's Standard bear? 320
 Alas! 'tis true—look round the Globe and see
 Who to such *Baals* do not bend the Knee!

No,

No, TALBOT did not, that first, best of Men,
 Who brought *Astræa* back to Earth again ;
 He worshipp'd no big Knave, no titl'd Fool,
 God was his *God*, and Heav'n-born Truth his Rule :
 Great, good, and wise ! and, what *you'd* call *polite*,
 Great, good, and wise, in the most *lovely* Light ;
 * *Greatness* employ'd the Injur'd to redress,
 Raise modest Worth, and Lordly Vice depress ; 330
 To break the Jaws of those who rob by Guile,
 And from the Plund'rer's Teeth to pluck the Spoil :
Goodness that listen'd to the Orphan's Cry,
 And caus'd the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy
 Whilst on his Lips such magick *Wisdom* hung,
Peers silent stood, and *Princes* held the Tongue :
 At his Approach the vain young Coxcomb fled,
 And the grey Sage stood up and bow'd the Head,
 When the Ear heard him then it bless'd his Name,
 And the charm'd Eye gave Witness to the same, 340
 Silent Applause each lifted Hand bestow'd,
 And from each grateful Tongue loud *Pæans* flow'd.
 Ye who'd know *true Politeness*, learn it there ;
Alas, he's gone ! Well, HARRINGTON is *here*.

And ye bright Daughters of *Britannia's* Isle,
 Who'd rather *study* how to *live* than --- *smile* ;

E

And,

* *Vide* JOB's *Character* of himself.

And, as ye boast of ev'ry outward Grace,
 Would teach the Mind to emulate the Face,
 Attend the *Muse*, whilst she attempts to show
 Whence the pure Streams of *true Politeness* flow ; 350
 Befriends your Aim, and points each *Fair* the Road,
 To soar above the *vain affected* Crowd.
 Know then, this Virtue cannot be confin'd
 To one fix'd Mode, or one determin'd Kind :
 But varies oft' with Person, Time and Place,
 For *here's* Absurdity, what *there* was Grace.
 Study *Yourself*, and labour first to find
 What Rank you're plac'd in, and for what design'd ;
 Know *your own* Pow'rs, and mark where you *excel*,
 Then weigh your *Failings* in the counter Scale. 360
 Thence some just Goal propose, some certain End,
 To which your Life, your ev'ry Step may tend.
 Whilst in the warm Pursuit be this your Care,
 To act with Force, yet keep within your Sphere.
 In all *Extreams*, or Vice or Folly's seen,
 But *true Politeness* holds the *golden Mean*.
 Here fix your Standard, here your Search controul,
 And draw from hence *one Maxim* for the *Whole* ;

Never

Ne'er from Virtue's *Middle-path* to swerve,
 But one *just Mean* thro' Life's whole Course preserve:
 With ~~this~~ *due Caution* constantly behave, [370
 And ne'er appear too giddy or too grave.
 Let this both sleep and travel with the Tongue,
 And never speak too little or too long.
 In Conduct still the Serpent's *Wisdom* prove,
 Yet add the *stingless* Temper of the Dove.
 Ne'er sweat to shew in *Learning* you excel,
 Yet never blush to own, that you can *spell*.
 In *Dress* ne'er quit the *fashionable* Road,
 Yet be not *first* in ev'ry *mushroom* Mode. 380
 Swoon not at Sight of *Basto* or *Spadille*,
 Yet let not *Cards* your Time's best Moments kill.
 Of *Scandal* as of *Flatt'ry* still beware,
 And ne'er be too obsequious, or severe.
 Ne'er boast of *over Sanctity* and *Zeal*,
 Yet to *pure Piety* be sacred still.
 Nay, start not, *fair Ones*, I don't here advise
 To quit Earth's Joys, and let those pretty Eyes
 Regard no one dear Object but the Skies. }
 But sure some *gracious Smiles* you ought to show 390
 To that *great Source* from whence their Beauties flow.
 Let

Let *Love* — (O! now you smile, and pleas'd agree,
That *Love's* the Path to true *Gentility*.)

Let Love with Love well-balanc'd still combin'd
In due Degrees, *self*, *social*, and *divine*.

For with the *Mind*, as with a *Lute* it fares,

Where, if each Tone a just Proportion bears,

(No String or strain'd too little or too much)

It yields sweet Harmony at ev'ry Touch.

Thus *Nature's*, *Reason's*, *Virtue's* Laws obey, 400

And safely go where HERTFORD leads the Way ;

Thus plough your Course, thus steer between the Shelves

Polite to Heav'n, your Neighbour, and Yourself.

F I N I S.

